THE

DEATH AND BURIAL

OF

COCK ROBIN.

ORNAMENTED WITH CUTS.

BOSTON:
PRINTED FOR N. COVERLY,
Milk-Street....1821.

The Alphabet.

A B C D E F

G H I J K L M N O

P Q R S T U V

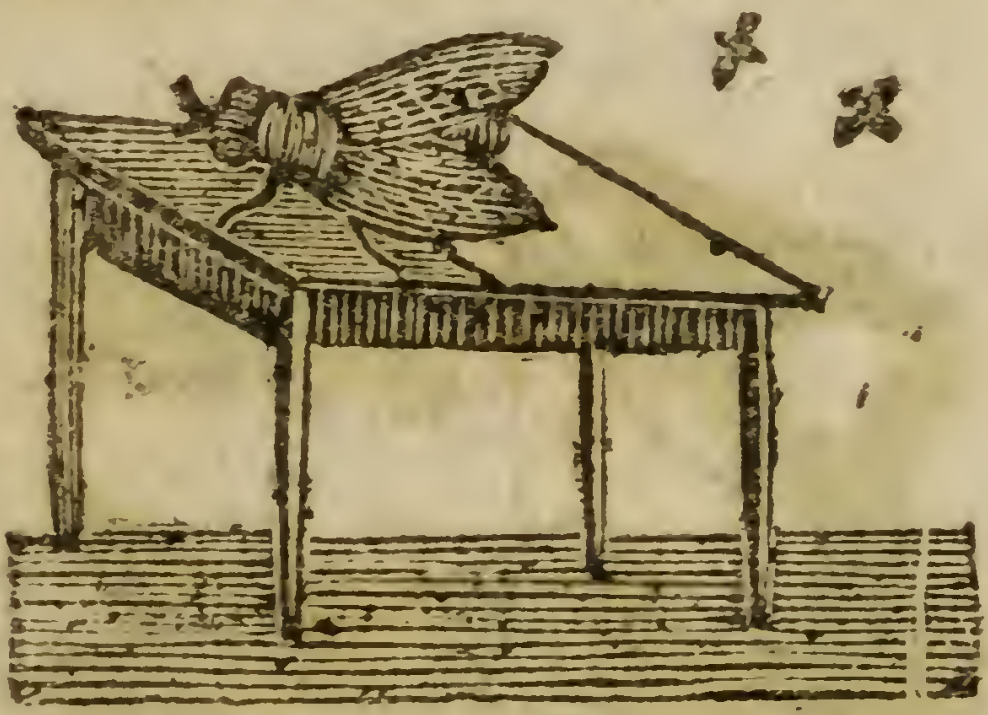
W X Y Z.

COCK ROBBIN.

Who kill'd Cock Robin?
I says the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow
And I kill'd Cock Robin.

This is the Sparrow,
With his bow and arrow.

Who saw him die?
I said the Fly,
With my little eye,
And I saw him die.



This is the Fly,
With his little eye.

Who catch'd his blood?
I said the Fish,
With my little dish,
And I catch'd his blood.

This is the Fish,
That held the dish.

Who made his shroud?
I said the Beetle,
With my little needle.
And I made his shroud.

This is the Beetle,
With his thread and needle

Who shall dig his grave?
I said the Owl
With my spade & shovel
And I'll dig his grave.

This is the Owl so brave,
That dug Cock Robin's
grave.

Who will be the parson ?
I said the Rook,
With my little bood,
And i'll be the parson.

Here's parson Rook,
A reading his book.

Who will be the clerk,
I said the Lark,
If 'tis not in the dark,
And I'll be the clerk.

Behold how the Lark,
Says Amen, like a clerk.

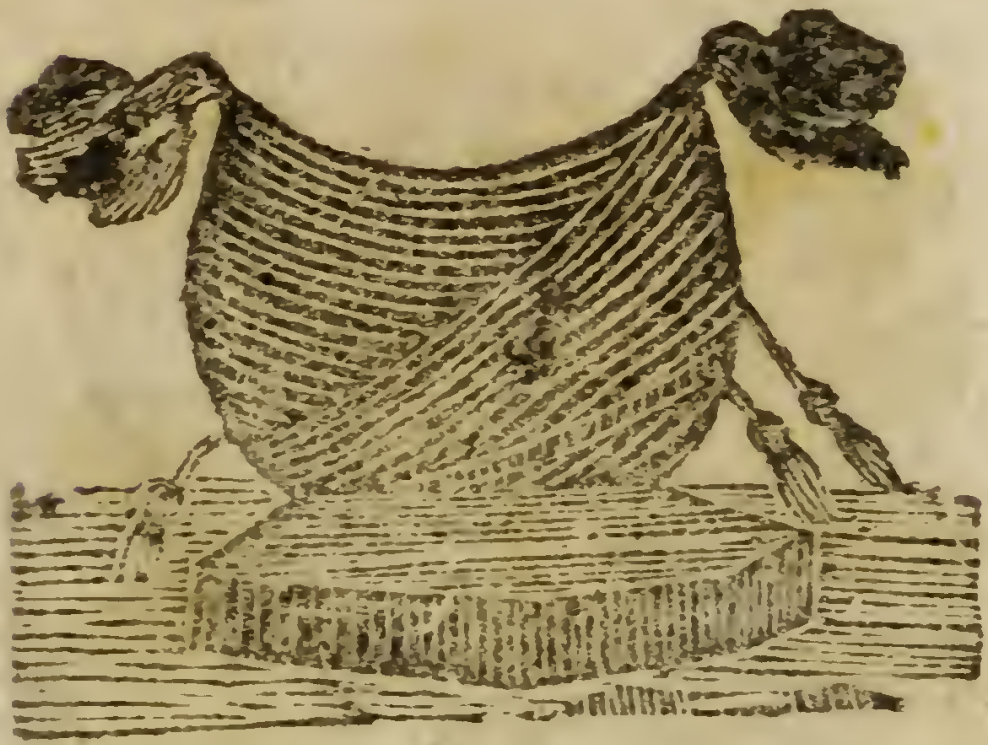
Who'll carry him to the
grave?
I said the Kite,
If 'tis not in the night,
And I'll carry him to the
grave.

Behold now the Kite,
How he takes his flight.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I said the Dove,
For I mourn for my love
And I'll be chief mourner.

Here's a pretty Dove,
That mourn'd for her love

Who'll bear the pall ?
We says the wrens,
Both the cock & the hens,
And we'll bear the ppall.



See the wrens so small,
Who bore Cock Robin's
pall.

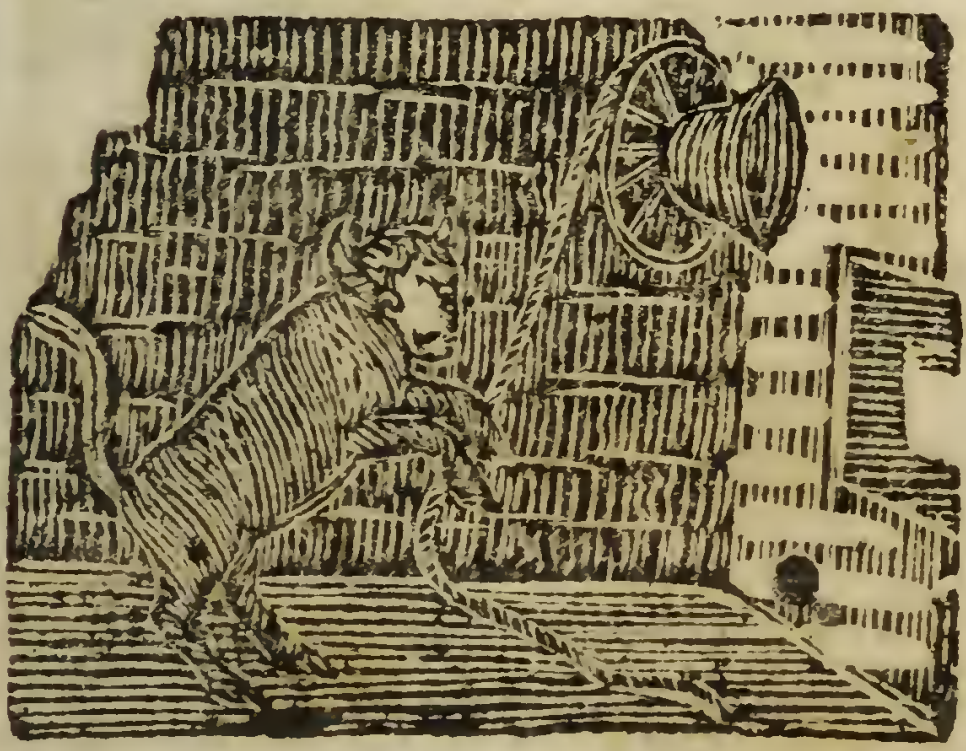
Who'll sing a psalm?
I says the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
And I'll sing a psalm.

Here's a fine Thrush,
Singing psalms in a bush.

Who'll carry the light?
I said the Linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute,
And I'll carry the light.

Here's the Linnet with a light,
Although it is not night.

Who'll toll the bell?
I says the Bull,
Because I can pull;
So Cock Robin farewell.



All the birds in the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing
When they heard the bell
toll
For poor Cock Robin.

THE ROBIN.

Thou gentle harbinger of spring!
Once more thy lov'd approach I hail,
Again sweet Bird, we hear thee,
Thycheerful notes in yondervale
Earliest of birds! thy martin song
Reanimates my troubled breast;
Do thou thy charming notes prolong,
And may no sportsmen thee molest.